Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetely in my sence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! whats heere, a Coarse?

2. *Gen.* Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreasured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land,
I King Pericles hath lost
This Queene, worth all our mundain cost:
Who findes her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King,
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charity.

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent*, Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that, threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on nature many howres.
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-preast spirits,
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered,

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The

The rough and wofull musicke that
Cause it to sound I beseech you:
The Viall once more; how thou stirr
The musicke there: I pray you giue h
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out
She hath not bene entranc'st aboue fi
See how she gins to blow into lifes fl

1. *Gen.* The heauens through you,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye lid
Cases to those heauenly iewels whic
Begin to part their fringes of bright
The Diamonds of a most praised wat
To make the world twice rich, liue,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rar

She moues.

Thai, O deare *Diana*, where am
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour)
To the next chamber beare her, get li
Now this matter must be lookt too,
Is mortall: come, come, and *Esculapi*

They carrie her away

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with

Per. Most honoud *Cleon*, I must
My twelue months are expirde, and
In a peace: you and your Lady tak
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make
Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, thoug
Mortally, yet glance full wondringl

Dion. O your sweete Queene!
You had brought her hither to haue

Per. We cannot but obey the pow

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)